He is within and two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing them then our generall good.
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were *England*, would this gracious prince:
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraignety thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Ma. Marry God for bid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay.

Enter Catesby.

Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*.
What ſayes your *Lord*?
Cat. My L. he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sorry I am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him,
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace:
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweete is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich, and two Biſhops aloft.

Mai. See where he ſtands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two propes of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince:
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity,

Famous

Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt
Lend fauorable eares to my
And pardon vs the interrup
Of thy deuotion and right
Glo. My Lord, there nee
I rather doe beſeech you pa
Who earneſt in the ſeruice
Neglect the viſitation of my
But leauing this, what is y
Buc Euen that I hope wh
And all good men of this v
Glo. I doe ſuſpect, I hau
That ſeeme diſgracious in th
And that you come to repreh
Buc. You haue my Lord
At our intreaties to amend
Glo. Elſe wherefore brea
Buc. Then know it is you
The Supreame Seate, the
The Scepter office of your
The lineall glory of your ro
To the corruption of a blem
Whileſt in the mildeneſſe
Which heere we waken to
This noble Ile doth want h
Her face defac't with ſcars
And almoſt ſhouldred in th
Of blind forgetfullneſſe an
Which to recouer we hart
Your gracious ſelfe to take
Not as *Protector*, Steward,
Nor lowly factor for an oth
But as ſucceſſiuely from blo
Your right of birth your Em
For this conſorted with the
Your worſhipfull and very
And by there vehement inſt
In this iuſt ſute come I to m
Glo. I know not whither t

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.6